



How could you say my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

How could you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep?
Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

How could you say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless Maid,
Believe the flattering Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
These Lips no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
This Winding-Sheet I wear,

And cold and weary lasts our Night,
Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last *ADIEU!*
Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

Now Birds did sing and Morning smile,
and shew her glistening Head,
Pale William shook in ev'ry Limb,
Then raving left his Bed.

He by'd him to the fatal Place,
Where Margaret's Body lay, (Turf,
And stretch'd him on the green Grass
That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's Name
and thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
and Words spake never more.

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A Lamentable Ballad of the Tragical Ends of
William and Margaret.



When all was wrapt in dark Mid-
And all were fast asleep, (night,
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

But Love had, like the Canker Worm,
Consum'd her early Prime:
The Rose grew pale and left her Cheek,
She dy'd before her Time.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,
Clad in a wintry Cloud,
And Clay cold was her Lilly Hand,
That held her Sable Shroud.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Mid-night Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to save.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
When Death has rest their Crown.

This is the mirk and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain;
Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless Swain.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,
That sips the Silver Dew;
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
And opening to the View.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath,
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.